

# THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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## HOPE FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

AS THE CAMPAIGN PROGRESSES in this state, it develops one fact that is encouraging for every good citizen, especially every Democrat. That fact is the very significant disgust of the people with their first taste of machine rule. The state has fortunately escaped such domination of its politics by a self-constituted few until now; and every indication points to its repudiation of the machine with a vigor that will discourage the "gang" for a long time to come.

Under a republican form of government parties are necessary and desirable; and in every party efficient management demands leadership. But there is a difference between the leadership that defers to the good of the people and the boss-ship that cares less for good government than it does for spoils of office and reward for party work.

The present Republican machine includes—whom? Is there one man in the lot who ever had any natural claim on the people? Is there one who has shown any of the qualities of statesmanship or demonstrated his fitness to say who shall and who shall not run for office? Do the men who built up the Republican party in this state, through years of work, have any part in its management now?

Every Republican who thinks at all has asked and answered these questions for himself. The result is discontent with the party ticket and control that amounts to open revolt.

On the other hand, the Democratic party has consulted the wishes of the people and the welfare of the state in its every move. Its nominees are men of ability and clean character; its organization includes every active Democrat in the state and many who never did any political work before. Recognition of these facts has been as encouraging as it has been general. Republicans who will have none of the Kearns-Smoot machine, Republicans who are disgusted with the party ticket, and the independent citizens of every type have joined in a quiet movement to restore political control to the hands of the people, where it belongs, and teach the machine that it is much easier to name its tools for office than it is to elect them.

Unless every sign fails, on election day Utah will smash the machine so thoroughly that the fragments can never be patched together again.

And by that same token the people will put good men in office and clean up the administration of public affairs in this state.

## DELEGATE MORITZ'S RECORD.

FORGETFUL OF THE FACT that there is a printed record of the proceedings of the constitutional convention, the misguided friends of the Honorable Jacob Moritz, brewer and saloonkeeper, and Republican nominee for the state senate, are urging his record as a delegate to that convention as a reason why he should now be elected to the state senate. A careful investigation of the official reports fails to show that Moritz developed any statesman-like qualities.

We find that during the sixty-six days the convention was in session he made just three motions. One of these was to secure a telephone, another was to discharge the committee on furniture and site, and the third was for each delegate to keep the seat he then occupied. During the sixty-six days the convention was in session, Moritz spoke six times. Four of his six speeches, officially reported, take up four lines or less each in the record. It should be understood, too, that the lines extend only half across the page and contain about six words each.

The most important speech made by this able statesman is reported on page 1046 of the second volume, "Proceedings Constitutional Convention, 1895." In order that the voters of Salt Lake county may understand the high intelligence of Moritz, in order that they may fully appreciate his great worth to any deliberative body, The Herald herewith reproduces that speech in full, as follows:

"Mr. Chairman," he said, in beginning, "I hope the motion to strike out will not prevail. I can talk about experience in this matter. I have engaged a great deal of laboring men during my time, the last twenty-three years in Utah, and I found such a section as this, the way it is amended, is quite unnecessary. We, as manufacturers (meaning the great brewing and saloonkeeping industry he represented, the makers of beer and the manufacturers of drunkards), had no cause whatsoever of getting justice in arbitration.

"It was always a one-sided affair if we had any difficulty with our laboring men. They have demanded certain hours and certain amount of wages per month, and if we did not like it, they say, 'We will go out, we will quit.' The consequence was we looked around for some other skilled labor to take these gentlemen's places, if they would insist upon it. We found we could not obtain that kind of labor which is desirable for our business; therefore, we were handicapped and the consequences have been we have had to give in every time. We had no arbitration. It was merely a matter of bulldozing arrangement, and, therefore, I hope the striking out will not prevail, and such a matter as this is asked for will be put in our constitution."

As it is impossible to tell from Moritz's remarks what he is talking about, except that he seemed very anxious to get in a nasty little fling at union labor, it should be explained that he was protesting against a motion to keep out of the constitution a section providing for the appointment of a state board of labor, conciliation and arbitration.

## KEARNS AT LOGAN.

SENATOR KEARNS justly celebrated literary bureau must have slipped a cog. Otherwise it would never have permitted him to claim for the Republican party all the credit for the passage of the national irrigation bill. In his reading at Logan Friday evening Senator Kearns asserted that the Republicans in congress were directly responsible for that measure. He is the first Republican "spelling book" in this campaign to make so ridiculous an assertion.

As a matter of fact, the irrigation bill would have been defeated had it not been for the earnest efforts of the Democrats in its behalf. Senator Rawlins, Senator Clark of Montana, Congressman Newlands of Nevada, Senators Dubois and Heitfeld and Congressman Glenn of Idaho all worked unceasingly to secure the adoption of the irrigation measure. The Herald freely admits that Senator Kearns and Congressman Sutherland did something, the latter infinitely more than the former, but neither of them had had anything like the experience in national legislation that Rawlins, Dubois, Heitfeld and Newlands had, and consequently their work could not be so effective.

The Republican cause in Utah will not be advanced by such preposterous propositions as that of Senator Kearns. The record is of too recent making for his literary bureau to be able to deceive anybody. On the other hand the voters

will be disgusted by such a transparent trap to catch their ballots. Utah people have read for themselves of the irrigation bill. They know who its friends were, and while they are not slow about giving the Republicans their full share of the credit, they will insist that the Democrats are also entitled to some commendation.

The Kearns literary bureau started the senator on another wrong tack on the Philippine business. Now, if anybody on earth should steer clear of the Philippines that individual is the Honorable Thomas Kearns. What painful recollections the name of the islands must invoke; what nightmares of the crudeness with which the honorable gentleman was once wont to think and talk about the far-away isles.

At Logan Senator Kearns read that the Democrats are asking, in regard to the Philippines, "Will it pay?" Now, if there is anything improper about that question, we desire to call the literary bureau's attention to the fact that the Republicans were the first to ask it, and not until they dared to answer in the affirmative have the Democrats considered that question. Why, Senator Kearns' bosom friend, Beveridge of Indiana, that defender of the trusts, that apostle of free Cuban raw sugar, devoted a considerable portion of his speech at Ogden to an attempt to show that the Philippines are paying.

Beveridge is Kearns' teacher and model. When Beveridge says "Come on, Tom," Tom comes and keeps on coming. Senator Kearns could not have paid very close attention to Beveridge's speech or he would never have allowed his own literary bureau to lead him into such a hopeless mess on Philippine matters.

## MR. WARDE'S LECTURE.

THE HERALD desires to call attention again to the rare intellectual treat in store for Salt Lake people tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Frederick Warde, the great tragedian, is to lecture in the Theatre under the auspices of the Press club of Salt Lake. His subject will be "Shakespeare and His Plays," a topic with which no man in the United States is more familiar.

In addition to his wonderful knowledge of Shakespeare, Mr. Warde has an easy, graceful, finished way of talking that holds and charms his listeners from the time he begins his lecture until the final words are spoken. His phrases are forceful because they are simple; they are impressive because they are impressively uttered; they are instructive because they are the result of deep thought and long and earnest study.

One attribute of Mr. Warde's lectures stands prominently above all the rest. It is his ability to impart his information entertainingly to old and young alike. The hearer may be a life-long student of Shakespeare, he may be a schoolboy just opening the wonderful pages of the great Bard of Avon has left to delight the world, but Frederick Warde will have something to entertain him, something to say that is new and that will find permanent lodgment in the recollection.

Mr. Warde lectured in the Theatre for the Press club last spring. On that occasion every seat was occupied and many late comers were obliged to stand throughout his talk. It is certain that all who heard him then will want to hear him again tomorrow. The Herald advises all citizens to visit the box office of the Theatre early Monday morning and secure their seats.

The extremely low rate of 50 cents for seats on the ground floor and 25 cents in the balcony and galleries has been made in order that all may attend. Those who do not have their seats reserved will almost surely be compelled to stand, for there is every indication that the rush this year will fully equal or exceed that of last spring. The opportunity is one that nobody can afford to let pass.

It is proper, too, in this connection, to say a word about the production of "The Tempest," in which Messrs. Warde and James are appearing this season. It is said by those who have seen it that the scenic equipments and effects far surpass those of any Shakespearean production that has ever been on the road. Salt Lake needs not be told that Frederick Warde is a finished actor and a great one. The same thing is true of his co-star, Mr. James.

"The Tempest," in their hands, will surely be worthy of the liberal patronage it will undoubtedly receive.

A correspondent objects to our placing Apostle Smoot's name first in mentioning the Republican machine. He says it should be Kearns-Smoot instead of Smoot-Kearns. We don't want to

excite any professional jealousy, but we can't help pointing out the fact that if Kearns didn't train with Smoot he'd be as lonesome as an honest dollar in a Republican campaign fund.

## THE POT-HUNTER.

AN AFTERNOON contemporary, discussing the overweening desire of hunters to kill large quantities of game, indulges itself in a diatribe against the pot-hunter. The Herald has often heard this individual spoken of unkindly, not with this bitterness. But we rise to say with bitterness. But we rise to inquire, What is a hunter if he isn't a pot-hunter? All of us know the gentleman who says he would rather kill game than eat it, but that same person is usually a valiant trencherman.

As we understand the term pot-hunter, it means a man who goes hunting, not for mere relaxation, but for the purpose of providing food for himself and family. In very few cases, however, does he really need the food, so the element of sport must necessarily enter, more or less, into his undertaking. So every man who goes out with a gun is a pot-hunter, and any denunciation of the pot-hunter is a denunciation of all sportsmen, jointly and severally.

The toothsome teal, the juicy mallard and red-head and sprigtail, each after its kind, makes powerful good filling for an empty inside. While, doubtless, ducks are slaughtered by men who don't care to eat many of them, fewer would be slain if they were not good to eat. Therefore, we desire to enter a defense of the unjustly assailed pot-hunter. He is far less likely to violate the law than the fellow who kills merely for the lust of killing.

Your market hunter, not your pot-hunter, is the man to look after. The shooter who sees a certain revenue in every duck that falls to his gun finds it hard to confine himself to the prescribed limit. We fear he does not always stay within the law, but his transgressions are not so numerous as some would have us believe. And the market hunter has his uses, too.

Without him a great proportion of the population that hasn't the time or the money to spend in a vacation amid the sloughs and the feeding grounds would go duckless through the season. As it is, for 25 cents—and almost anywhere can raise that sum—the poor stay-at-home can enjoy the supreme test of the quack-quack pudding, which, as has doubtless been surmised, is in the eating.

Those three Democrats who are throwing away a Democratic seat in congress from Massachusetts by their stubbornness ought to be taken out somewhere together and bumped hard. Men who have no regard for their party and its principles than these fellows deserve all the political obloquy that can be heaped upon them.

It was a very handsome thing for that Texas negro to waive his constitutional thirty days' time for sentence in order that he might be legally hanged the same afternoon he was tried. It is possible, however, that the fact that a mob was in waiting to burn the negro had something to do with his show of magnanimity.

No wonder the list of applications for situations on the New York police force is always several times as long as the list of vacancies. The executives of a New York police captain who died recently found a fortune of \$100,000 in cash and securities locked up in his desk.

John A. Bagley and John Bowman, two tried Republican orators, crossed swords in debate at Morgan the other evening with W. E. Rydalc of Provo. Reports from Morgan say Messrs. Bagley and Bowman now wish they hadn't.

Still, in order to make assurance doubly sure, all Democrats will join in hoping that Chairman Anderson will permit Candidate Howell to make several speeches in Salt Lake city and county before the campaign is over.

It is not true that the Honorable Robert Fitzsimmons has offered the Honorable T. Kearns a good salary to read pieces between rounds. Professor Fitzsimmons isn't running any farce comedy attraction.

Inasmuch as it seems certain that the miners will vote to end the strike, it would be well for them to act as speedily as possible. The coal famine is pinching harder every day.

Evidently the Republicans are determined to let Sevier county go into the Democratic column by a big majority. They are sending Councilman Cottrell down there to speak.

In the meanwhile Judge Theodosius Botkin is another of those very still Republicans.

## THE SOLDIER'S POSITION.

To the Salt Lake Herald: I notice with regret the various articles which have been published in both The Herald and Tribune during the last week in regard to the actions, arrest, etc., of soldiers. While The Herald has spoken of such affairs in such a way that no one could take offense, the Tribune has been bitter in its denunciation of not only the enlisted men, but in today's issue it continues its unjust and uncalled for criticism, trying to include officers.

The soldiers' side of and cause of the troubles which have taken place are briefly as follows: The majority of the people of Salt Lake City are ever ready and lose no chance to belittle and insult a soldier. The police, of soldiers, while they are ever ready to arrest a soldier for offenses for which a civilian would never be noticed.

Naturally the soldiers resent such treatment, and try in various ways to defend themselves. Some, I admit, are bad, but in general, knowing the facts as I do, I cannot blame them.

I myself have often been insulted upon the streets of Salt Lake City while attending to the business which brought me from post to town in a peaceable and orderly manner, simply because of the fact that I have the honor to wear the uniform of the United States army.

Hope that you will see fit to give this space in your paper.

A SOLDIER SUBSCRIBER.

Fort Douglas, Utah, Oct. 17.

## News and Views of the Book World.

(BY HERBERT BREWSTER.)

THE book and magazine publishers are likely to be seriously delayed with their output because of the strikes now going on among their employees. With every printing plant running there is not sufficient means of production for the extra large numbers of books to be issued this fall. Almost every publisher is far behind in his work—some books are entirely out of print and orders for many of these are piling up daily. Now comes a strike among the pressmen, and scores of shops are closed. Even though the strikers return to work in a few days, the publishers will be delayed still further, and it is not at all unlikely that many orders for books will be unfilled for weeks to come.

In spite of minor difficulties, however, the book trade has a most promising outlook this fall. The heavy advance sales of many new novels indicates a confident feeling on the part of the dealers. Booth Tarkington's "The New Yanks" has sold to the number of 60,000 copies, and the story has just been published. "The Fortunes of Oliver Eorn," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is near to 30,000 copies; Gilbert Parker's "Donovan Pasha" is being ordered heavily, and the serial publication of "The Little White Bird," Barrie's new novel, has created a large advance demand for the book. These are but a few of the best books whose popularity is already assured.

Kipling's "Just So Stories" are attracting more attention than is usual with a Kipling book, because the author has illustrated the stories himself—and even the most severe critic must acknowledge that the work is well done. Mr. Rudyard Kipling inherited not only the ink fever from his father, but also the developed sense of the artistic in other expressions than that of letters. The elder Kipling is well known as an artist, and but for his more brilliant son he would probably have made a world-wide reputation as the father of the great learning. He has a marvelous memory; he knows more about India than any other Englishman. The editor under whom Rudyard Kipling worked in India once described the father as the most delightful companion he ever met.

The whole family seems to have the passion for writing. It is said that more poems by Kipling's mother and sister are to be published this fall. The sister, now Mrs. Fleming, has the reputation of being able to quote every line in Shakespeare's plays.

In this season's output of American fiction, two distinct types are to be noted—the psychological novel, such as "The Wings of a Dove," by Henry James; "Our Lady of the Bees," by Baroness von Hutten, and in the "Confessions of a Wife," and the realistic novel which records contemporary life and business, such as "Captain Macklin," by Richard Harding Davis; "Donovan Pasha," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Fortunes of Oliver Eorn," by F. Hopkinson Smith, and "The Blazed Trail," by Stewart Edward White. The latter book is not exactly a fall book, having appeared in the spring, but its growth in popular esteem has been so continuous that it ranks now with the better class of fall books.

At the present time four English novels are running serially in Paris newspapers: "St. Ives" in the Temps; "The Last Days of Pompeii" in the Soleil, doubtless because of France's interest in Mount Pelée; "Dr. Nichola" in the Vie Illustrée, and "The Mystery of the House of the Martin" in the L'Espresso. In addition to these, another leading paper there is anxious to increase the list by publishing a translation of "The Hounds of the Baskervilles."

"Those Black Diamond Men," a combination of short stories and a novel, was fortunate in having made its appearance just at a time when almost everyone was beginning to discuss coal, coal strikes and coal operators. The book has enjoyed a good sale and probably will continue to be called for all winter.

Of similar timeliness is a volume just published, called "The Anthracite Coal Industry," which purports to be a study of the economic conditions which prevail and of the existing relations between capital and labor in the Pennsylvania coal fields.

Another book just published which is to be recommended for the relief its titles gives the reader, is "A Country Without Strikes." Such a country exists, but it is our antipodes—New Zealand.

As an echo of the Dumas centenary celebration comes a new volume, "Alexander Dumas (pere)," by Arthur Davidson, which gives an interesting account of the novelist's life and relates many stories of him. According to one of these tales, Dumas hit upon the name of his most famous romance in the following manner:

He was out on a shooting expedition with young Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome Bonaparte, in 1842, and after a violent storm reached Elba. While exploring they discerned a lake, sugar-shaped, standing out of the sea.

"Ah," said the boatman, "that's where you would have got good sport. Yonder island is full of wild goats."

"Indeed? What may its name be?" "They call it the island of Monte Cristo."

"What's the use of that?" said the prince.

"Because," was the reply, "I intend in memory of this trip with you to give the name of Monte Cristo to some novel which I shall write later on."

When Dumas made arrangements for his book called "Impressions de Voyage dans Paris," his publishers urged that his novel should be a sensational romance, and Dumas contrived an intrigue involving a rich heiress and a young man known as Le Conte de Monte Cristo.

There is always a nominal interest attached to the dissection of authors by the critic, but when a writer calmly dissects himself, more than ordinary interest is aroused. Frederick M. Bird seems to write not of a full and bitter experience in a current magazine when he lays bare the secrets of his profession.

Apart from egotistic imaginings, the truth is that the literary life is as poor as any other vocation and probably poorer than most in "literary matters." Its details are not picturesque; they are not romance; they are not even interesting, except to the "literary fellow" himself, and not always especially so to him. There is next to nothing in them to attract the curious whose work and play are on different lines, and other literary fellows do not care to hear about them, for they know just how it is. Brown wrestles with a sonnet; all that can be said about the process, the frowns and

heavings and gurglings has been said a thousand times, chiefly in comic papers and paragraphs. If he accomplishes his task, possibly he gets \$5 or \$10 for the result. In one case out of a million or two it may be remembered for a decade. Smith sits down to cudgel a novel out of his inner consciousness; who wants to watch his throes and share the joys or sorrows that precede or attend creation? (People sometimes do in the stories, I notice, but these are high flights.) His wife may have to see that he knocks off for dinner and gets to bed before 2 a. m. She may share his anxiety as to the concrete result. His intimates, if he is impudent, may say, "Smith is trying to write a novel," and go their way.

But suppose Smith scores or Brown is acclaimed as a new Tennyson? Why, then, if notoriety or fame be won, there will be hard facts, statistics, biographies and bibliographic data, articles or items in books of reference. We shall want to know what the great man eats for breakfast and where he buys his trousers. But as for fiction, no. The professional life of the man of letters, however successful, can as a rule furnish nothing to romance; and for realism, realism can find more to interest and instruct in the daily experiences of a ploughman or society woman, not to say of a lawyer or engineer. Machinery is a more hopeful field for tales than letters, and it is being worked now. Business has innumerable varieties and ramifications, but what is there that is not hopelessly commonplace in a writer's work, beyond the joy of discovery, as situations and characters evolve themselves from his brain and take on a semblance of vitality? Stevenson could put that in a few glowing lines, but not in his stories; he knew it was not a theme to dwell upon.

## Can Monkeys Throw Stones?

The recently published story of the British soldier in the Transvaal about monkeys throwing stones has raised the question as to whether the tales of travelers are true to nature, or whether the animals sometimes pelt them with stones or coconuts. Waterton, in his "Essays on Natural History," writes: "Monkeys know nothing at all of the combined art of moving an elevated arm backward, and then, while bringing it forward, to open the hand just at that particular time when the arm can impart motion to the thing which the hand has grasped. The man, at a distance from you, can aim a stone at your head and break your skull. The monkey can do no such thing."

Sir James Brooke says, with reference to the orang-outangs, that he never observed the slightest attempt at defense. Wallace, also, talking of the orang-outang, declares that he has seen him throw down branches when pelted. "It is true he does not throw them at a person, but casts them down vertically; so it is evident that a bough cannot be thrown to any distance from the top of a lofty tree. In one case a female mias, on a durian tree, kept up for at least ten minutes a continuous shower of branches, and of the heavy spined fruits, as large as thirty-two pounds, most effectively kept us clear of the tree she was on. She could be seen breaking them off and throwing them down with every appearance of rage."

## FREDERICK WARDE

WILL LECTURE ON

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3:30 P. M.

At Salt Lake Theatre

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Balcony 25 Cents.

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Rulon S. Wells	Salt Lake City.	Insurance.
REPRESENTATIVES:		
Frank B. Stephens	Fifth Precinct.	Lawyer.
Thomas Morris	Third Precinct.	Stone cutter.
Alex C. Ewing	First Precinct.	Traveller.
Orson H. Pettit	First Precinct.	Merchant.
Lewis S. Hills	Second Precinct.	Banker.
Chauncey P. Overfield	Fifth Precinct.	Manager.
Melvin M. Miller	Mill Creek.	Farmer.
Thomas F. Page	Riverton.	Merchant.
Mahonri Sumner	Taylorsville.	Education.
David Evans	Farmer's.	Lawyer.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:		
William J. Horne	Granger.	Farmer (4 years)
William B. Ennis	Draper.	Farmer.
George A. Whitaker	First Precinct.	Manufacturer.
COUNTY CLERK:		
Orson F. Whitney	Fourth Precinct.	Author.
COUNTY RECORDER:		
Thomas Alston	Sugar House.	Recorder.
COUNTY TREASURER:		
William H. Dale	Fourth Precinct.	Treasurer.
COUNTY ASSESSOR:		
John Halvorsen	First Precinct.	Collector.
COUNTY AUDITOR:		
George H. Wood	Fifth Precinct.	Auditor.
COUNTY SURVEYOR:		
William H. Evans	Second Precinct.	Surveyor.
COUNTY ATTORNEY:		
Ray Van Cott	Farmer's.	Attorney.
COUNTY SHERIFF:		
George H. Naylor	Second Precinct.	Sheriff.

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